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## IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.  
By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

### CHAPTER V.

(CONTINUED.)

"No," I replied, noting the time. "You had better keep it. It is now two o'clock. If Cha Fong does not arrive before night I shall be very impatient. Don't forget to wind your watch, for we may want it to-morrow."

"I will not forget," she said, smiling. "Well, what would you like to do this evening? How does 'good' strike you? By the way, is this the tenth of January?"

"No—this is the eleventh," she said. "Then I spent all day of the tenth in stator, as a result of meddling with Cha Fong's tobacco. No wonder, I was hungry when I got into this world again. Well, Balston and Langston are surely on shore by this time."

"We went through the garden and out into the pit. We climbed up to the top, and I carefully scanned the horizon to see if Cha Fong's yacht was coming. It was not in sight, nor was any other vessel. I led her to a spot that was somewhat screened from view—to prevent any spying glass from coming suddenly upon us, and we sat down on the rock."

"This is refreshing," exclaimed Miss Arnold, leaving the invigorating air into her lungs. "I did not know the atmosphere down there was as close. But it is a little better than the air I breathe here."

"It is," I replied. "This is an ideal place for a residence, but one would need a fast yacht to establish a really commendable connection with the main land."

"I don't think I would ever wish to see this place again," she said with a shudder. "If only you leave it alive. Don't worry any more about that. How far do you think we are from Hong Kong?"

"I cannot even estimate. I was confined in a stateroom in the yacht when we came here, and could not see how fast we came or the direction we took."

used no doubt to fill the lamp inside. I took my position to one side of the lamp, where I could look through the lagoon moon between the rows of priceless teeth. The air was suffocating, but I did not dare put out the lamp. I knew the absence of the light in the lagoon would attract the attention of Cha Fong at once. So I breathed the hot and stifling perfume and waited.

The minutes seemed like hours. My position was cramped, and it was with difficulty that I remained quiet. And I cursed Cha Fong for being so long in coming—when it might have been here to the purpose to curse him for coming at all.

But, notwithstanding my belief to the contrary, time passed. I could hear foot-steps approaching in the garden, the heavy tread of military boots and the softer step of a second person. I could hear loud voices in angry argument. Cha Fong's voice was a queer mixture. Now and then I could catch a word or a sentence that I could understand, but it was mostly Chinese.

I felt a queer sensation at the start—familiar sound of one of the voices. It sounded unmistakably like the voice of a person whom I had cause to remember, and whom I would be glad to meet under circumstances favorable to myself. My blood grew hot, my fingers tingled as they rested upon the rifle in my grasp.

The angry speakers advanced and came into the temple. I bent a little lower that I might look up through the idol's mouth and see the faces of the newcomers.

They stopped before the idol. One was the gigantic Cha Fong, dressed in full military costume and evidently in a towering rage. The other was Mr. Ganbok Snell.

How I longed to empty the rifle in Mr. Snell's snail-like excess. With what joy I thought would I see him writhing in dying agonies before me! But it was not yet time for that. There was so much that I desired to learn. I thought perhaps by remaining quiet I could catch enough from their heated conversation to tell me of my friends, Balston and Langston.

I gathered from the bits of their gibberish that I could understand that Cha Fong was accusing Mr. Snell of a breach of trust. It appeared that these two precious rogues alone possessed the secret of the hidden spring by which entrance to the island could be effected. Hence it was plain to Cha Fong that Mr. Snell was the person who had been there in his absence, and upon departing had left open the sliding doors. This was evidently a serious matter in the estimation of Cha Fong, for he was greatly excited and would speak.

Mr. Ganbok Snell very apparently means in a snail-like endeavor to disabuse the mind of Cha Fong of his error. He seemed to be telling him that he had not had time since the arrival of the City of Rio de Janeiro at Hong Kong to visit the island and return to Hong Kong again. However, evident that he must have been to Mr. Snell, it was a difficult task to thrust down the yellow throat of his master.

## BRAVE REPORTERS BEAT

HOW T. B. FIEDLERS RISKED HIS LIFE TO LAND IT.

Frank Marshall White, in the last number of the Wide World Magazine, tells in vivid style the story of the New York Times' famous "secret" on the occasion of the loss of the steamship Oregon.

Word had been received from Fiedler in the Times' office on a Sunday afternoon that the Fiddler, which had rescued 200 of the Oregon's passengers, was waiting below quarantine for high tide so that she could cross the bar and come up to the city.

There were only three men in the Times' office when the dispatch arrived. W. H. J. Kenny, now a prominent politician; Tracy Bronson, who is still a member of the staff; and Thomas B. Fiedler, at present in London, where he has been editor of the Pall Mall Gazette.

The three secured a tug, went down to the Fiddler, were admitted on board under the impression that they were quarantine officers, and secured the story they were after.

They wrote out five columns between them, but when they attempted to leave the vessel they were charged to be told by the captain that they would not be permitted to leave the vessel until the Fiddler had passed quarantine.

Their explanation and prayers were in vain. It took as though with a great heave in their very grasp they were to lose it through a German officer's obstinacy.

Fiedler, in the meantime, did some hard thinking. He looked over the side and saw the tug on which he and his companions had come ashore, thirty feet below, about to push off.

"Tearing to his companions, he requested them to give him their copy. 'What are you going to do?' asked Kenny.

"Take it to the office," responded Fiedler, calmly. "We can't afford to let these foreigners beat an American newspaper out of its news."

## CURIOUS FACTS.

A Swiss antiquarian recently discovered at 815, in the Ranelagh, a roll marked "illegible papers." It contained 150 valuable historical documents, some of them dating back as far as 1350.

The term "lobster" was used in this country as early as 1775 as an indication of contempt. John Adams in his argument in defense of the British soldiers on trial for murder because of complicity in the "Boston Massacre" refers to the name "lobster" as one of the epithets applied by the populace to the soldiers.

In India a curious railway accident occurred lately. While a train was in Ransat station a terrific storm began, and although the brake was applied in the van and on the engine the force of the wind was such that the train was driven along the line. The engine dished through the buffer stop at the end of the line and traveled along about six lengths of rail laid end to end without stopping fastenings.

The following unique legal paper was recently filed in a Kansas court: "E. L. Warner, of lawful age, being duly sworn on oath, deposes and says that one John McKibbin did on or about the 10th day of February A. D. 1888 did and their in the County and State of Kansas did Wilfully Maliciously and Unlawfully defame and Libel the said plaintiff E. L. Warner in that said plaintiff had stolen Oats from the said John McKibbin—on or about the 10th day of January A. D. 1888 contrary to Statutes in like Cases Made and provided."

The ingenuity of architects and builders is sometimes severely taxed to provide for the comfort of the dwellers in lofty apartment houses. In New York City plans have been filed for a gigantic building of this kind to stand on Fifth avenue, and to be connected with a well-known restaurant across the street by a tunnel, finely fitted up and lighted, whence by the occupants of the apartment house can go out to their meals in all kinds of weather without the necessity of putting on hats. The only drawback appears to be that they are limited in their choice of a restaurant.

Ice is sometimes frozen in India, when the air is at between or twenty degrees above freezing, by exposing water at night in earthenware pans resting on rice straw in little hollows in the ground. An ice industry depending on the same principle has been discovered by O. H. Howarth at an elevation of 8,000 or 9,000 feet in a valley of Oaxaca, Mexico. A large number of shallow wooden troughs are filled with water, and during winter nights become covered with a thin sheet never exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness, of ice, which is collected and buried in considerable masses in the earth. In these pits the ice consolidates, being then cut when needed and carried to the towns on mules.

The Temple of Guadalupe, at Chihuahua, is the Westminster Abbey of China, and the grave of that sacred personage is the most sacred spot in the grounds. A sacred mound supports the remains of the Virgin. Near the mound is a building reserved for the meditation of those who render homage to the greatest Chinese who have ever lived. Near by is a tree said to have been planted by Confucius, and the trunk of it, for its shade, is the shrine of thousands of Chinese, and the tree is the better the lot of the departed, according to the belief of the Chinese. The keepers of the temple demand a fee before showing the place to foreigners. London Mail.

A Prediction Concerning the Jews. Unless the Zionist movement succeeds, and a country is provided where the Jews who have not assimilated with other nations may go and be at peace and find complete liberty, the Jews will die, judging by the present rate of increasing oppression. But the Zionist plan is going to succeed. It must. It will not be done quickly, however. Though the framework of the structure may be put up in our day, it will take generations to supply the walls and the internal arrangements.—Max Nordau in the Independent.

Spirit Flowers. Among the Democrats of Pennsylvania there is a belief that there are plants born without spirit, by which is meant that they will never flower nor bear fruit. This seed of the flower is its fruit, and there are professional agriculturists who go around in the spring and select the spirit plants from the seed beds, throwing aside those which will not repay cultivation. Their skill is remarkable, as all the seedlings look alike.

## Good Roads Notes

In New York.

THE road improvement law passed by the New York Legislature in 1898, has proved so efficacious that the good road division of the United States Department of Agriculture considers it the best State law in existence. It possesses most of the desirable features of State aid laws in other States, and but few of the objectionable ones.

The law is known as the Hibbs-Armstrong law, and provides that any Board of Supervisors may adopt resolutions asking State aid for road improvement. These are sent to the State Engineer, who investigates and determines whether the road indicated is of sufficient public importance to receive State aid. If it is, he prepares an estimate of the cost and transmits this to the Board of Supervisors. The board may then declare that the highway indicated is to be improved, or may refuse to do any further. This gives absolute home rule to the different counties of the State, so that no section can be compelled to improve its highway, and no county should be permitted to do so until all the facts and figures are placed before it.

If the Board of Supervisors decides to improve the road a second set of resolutions are adopted and sent to the State Engineer, who then advises the Board. When a responsible bid within the engineer's estimate is made the contract is closed. If the town or county desires to do the work itself it has the preference over all other bidders. The work is superintended by the State Engineer, and when it is completed he draws a warrant upon the State Treasurer for fifty per cent. of the cost of the work. The Supervisors must levy thirty five per cent. of the cost on the whole county, and the remaining fifteen per cent. is payable in one of two ways, viz: If the Supervisors had decided to improve this highway without a petition from the farmers owning land which fronted on the improved road, the fifteen per cent. must be paid by the township in which the highway lies. If, however, the decision was made after the petition by the landholders, this fifteen per cent. is paid by the property owners. For example, if road improvement in a certain town costs \$100,000 must be paid by the State, \$50 by the county and \$50 by the town or the citizens having land fronting upon the improved road. The money available for the State road work is obtained by a tax of 1 cent on every \$100 worth of assessable property in the State, which amounts to about \$200,000 a year.

This law is strictly for the benefit of rural highways, for although the cities and villages of the State pay ninety per cent. of the tax, only a foot of the highway within their limits can be improved. This may at first seem an injustice to the village, but when it is remembered that the prosperity of villages and cities is dependent entirely upon the prosperity of the country surrounding them, the fairness of the plan is evident.

Cooperation Proposed. Some months ago the Farm, Field and Fiddle published an editorial entitled "The Bicycle for the Farmer." The special point was made that the wheel was already in the farmer's family that it had been found generally useful in many ways, saving the tired horse or horse from a trip to town or the postoffice after a hard day's work, often saving time, which is money, in innumerable ways, besides being a great convenience. An entire point made was that the bicycle is a blessing socially for the women of the household as well as for the men, young and old. It is used to go to church, to the grocers or hotel, and is a promoter of neighborhood feeling and sociability.

The bicycle is now so much cheaper than formerly that every well-to-do farmer can have one or more. The points enumerated were that to have a wheel is to have economy, a healthful recreation, an opportunity to live up to a constant exhortation. Now, every agriculturist who studies the farmer in having a bicycle is an argument for good roads, and it can be duplicated and reinforced by the fact that what is good for the bicycle is good for the buggy or family carriage of every kind and for the farm wagon.

In short, the wheelmen and farmers can both have and benefit in promoting good roads. It goes without saying that with improved roads such as they have in some parts of New York and Pennsylvania and in many parts of Europe, our farmers would build a large living on their wheeled vehicles of every kind and on their horses, who were worn out and broken down as much by bad roads as by any other cause.

Good roads for winter and summer and at all seasons give the farmer the chance to market his produce at the moment when prices are best, he also can make his purchases when prices are most favorable, and the advantage of bargain offers for his family.

One purpose in looking upon these reasons for good roads at this time is to bespeak a hearty cooperation between the farmers and all residents of rural districts and the League of American Wheelmen. If these two great forces can only cooperate there need not be a neighborhood in the whole country eased and kept back in material and social progress by bad roads.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Causes and Effects—Another Variety—The Correct Length—Not Enough For Her—A Clever Idea—Happy Man—Did It With a Slam—A Bad Break, Etc., Etc.

When Tommy was a lad of eight. We used to see his pap. Lead him out behind the gate. And exercise the strap. As Tommy labors on the farm. He is his parents' joy. How the training did us harm— He is a strapping boy.—Philadelphia Record.

Another Variety. Boldo—My laundryman is very hard on my shirt. Dobbie—"Another example of the shirt waste man, isn't he?"—Baltimore American.

The Correct Length. Mrs. Dresser—"Do you think this dress is long enough behind, Jack?" Mrs. Dresser—"Flouty! Any microbe that can escape that isn't worth catching!"—Punch.

Not Enough For Her. He—"Do you think it is possible for two people to live on \$200 a year?" She—"Oh, Will, is that all you got? Not I'm sorry. I have decided never to marry."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Clever Idea. "Boston has some new portable 'bathhouses.'" "That's good. When the schoolmarin boards round she can take the school house with her."—Washington Star.

Happy Man! Mr. Kowale—"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you're talking?" Mrs. Kowale—"No, you wretch! You go to bed!"

Did It With a Slam. "I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work. "All right," said the hard-hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville Journal.

A Bad Break. "Talk about your bright children," began Mr. Footitt. "Sit!" exclaimed Miss Anteck, witheringly. For, of course, she had none other bright or unbright to talk about.—Philadelphia Press.

Breath of Freshness. "Were you in good health while you were abroad?" "Oh, excellent; we couldn't drop out of our personally conducted party a day, you know, without losing big money!"—Detroit Free Press.

As It Usually Happens. "I suppose you had careful rearing, Mr. Conklin?" "No, I ain't had any rearing at all; my parents exhausted all their disciplinary enthusiasm on my elder brother, Bill."—Detroit Free Press.

Found at Last. The Post has a batch of poems is re-taken. "Now I know what is meant by the poetry of motion. These poems are it." The Post's Wife—"How so?" The Post—"They have been going the rounds of the newspaper offices for two years!"—Punch.

Evidence of Genius. "My wife," said Mr. Snickers, "is a truly remarkable woman." "We all know that," we said, "but do you wish to specify?" "Yes, sir. She wrote and sold a story the other day, and she spent only once the money she expected to receive for it."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Fate. "Then you regret being an old maid?" "Yes, I do. I might as well have been down-trodden by a husband and six children of my own as to be at the beck and call of the husbands and children of all my sisters and intimate friends."—Chicago Record.

Diplomacy Wins. Ardent Suitor—"I lay my fortune at your feet." "Fair lady—"Fortune! I didn't know you had money!" Ardent Suitor—"I haven't much, but it takes very little to cover those feet." To get her.—Weekly Telegraph.

Tommy's Fight. The Rev. Dr. Pottill—"I have now been your pastor, Mrs. Upjohn, five full years. And yet it seems only a short time after all." Mrs. Upjohn (with a faraway gaze)—"No, five years does not seem so long—except when I recall the fact that I have had thirty seven different hired girls in that time."—Chicago Tribune.

Poverty and Wit. We found him in his wretched garret. He had eaten his last candle and was writing furiously by the light of the stars. "You seem severely able to make both ends meet," we said. "I am a poet, not a contentionsist," he replied, without the slightest trace of impatience. But we felt ourselves rebuked, and slunk away.

Preferred to Remain unknown. "You can't be unobscured in the honor of marrying into the Smith family," the ardent young lover said, partly in jest, but more in earnest. "It's a great family. There are fourteen millions of us in the world." "Then the 's' are enough already," responded the young woman with decision. And she refused to enter the family.—Chicago Tribune.